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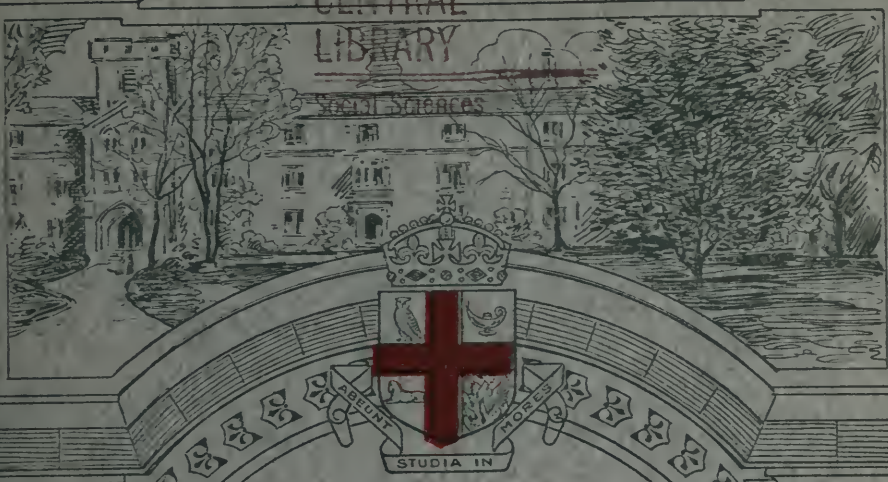


# ACTA VICTORIANA

JANUARY, 1918

# OFFICIAL CALENDAR
## OF THE
## Ontario Department of Education

*December*:

14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (*Not later than 14th December*).
15. County Council to pay $500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (*On or before 15th December*).
    Municipal Councils to pay Municipal grants to High School Boards. (*On or before 15th December*).
17. Autumn Model School Final examination begins.
21. English-French Model Schools and Normal Schools (first term) and Autumn Model Schools close.
    High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close. (*End 22nd December*).
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (*Tuesday*).
    New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (*Not to take effect before 25th December*).
26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (*Last Wednesday in December*).


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ACTA BOARD, 1917-18.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XLII. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1918 No. 4

# The Taming of Leviathan

R. M. MACIVER.

WHEN the dust and the clamor of these decisive days subside at last, one issue will stand out clear and challenging against the background of the strange reality of peace. The State has made itself supreme over the lives of men. At its call they have offered all they hold most dear, to its will they have surrendered every purpose of their own. What then shall men make of the State, when they look upon it in the lurid afterglow of the departed war? It was a State—or several States—that loosed upon mankind that awful conflict. From its outset every State has been impelled to exercise more and more dominion over its members. It has summoned myriads to suffering and death for its cause. It has dictated the work and work-conditions of myriads of others. It has destroyed by its fiat in a day customs that have slowly grown through centuries. It has prescribed how men shall eat and drink, how they shall buy and sell. It has taken whole industries over from private hands, with as little respect for corporations as for individuals. Assuredly, as Hobbes write on the title page of his *Leviathan,* Non est potestas super terram quae comparetur ei.

The life-and-death necessity of war has served to justify these things. But the time of questioning is at hand. When peace returns, how much of this enhanced control will States continue to exercise? When peace returns, how will States justify themselves for what they have done or for what they continue to do? Powers once assumed are not easily relinquished. But in the happier days to come the use of power must justify itself in the eyes of men.

A few centuries ago this question could not have been asked. The archaizing Hobbes expressed the political philosophy of the passing age when he declared that "nothing the Soveraign Representative can doe to a Subject, on what pretense soever, can properly be called Injustice, or Injury." This was the doctrine of absolutism. On that basis the absolutist Renaissance States arose out of the confusion of mediaeval loyalties. From extreme to extreme swung the pendulum, from the multiplicity of conflicting allegiances to the excessive simplicity of one. In theory all power resided in the sovereignty of the State, unlimited, undivided, irresponsible, and as far as its power extended so far extended its right. There was no part of life too intimate, too sacred, too alien for subjection, in theory at least, to the will of the government. The State was proclaimed master of all thought, of all opinion, of all activity.

Proclaimed, but never wholly acknowledged. The one allegiance proved too narrow to comprehend all the divergent interests of the "subjects" of the State. There was, to begin with, diversity of religion. The State, fulfilling the doctrine of absolutism, prescribed a State religion, and thereby roused vehement protests against its claim to universality. The "protestants," whether Huguenots, Puritans, Calvinists, or Catholics, denied the right of the State to force upon them the observance of an alien religion. They were ready enough, generally, to force their own religion upon "recalcitrants" when they themselves held the reins of government. But when the tables were turned they appealed to the liberty of conscience. They would render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's—but all things were not Caesar's. So was the stage set for the first great struggle against Renaissance absolutism. So was the first great breach made in that absolutism, when after centuries of confused strife the claim to religious liberty was allowed by every modern State, and thus the admission made that there were limits to the sphere of government. The church was become again something more than a mere department of the State. It was a distinct corporation, autonomous *in its own sphere*, even though subject to political law.

The struggle against absolutism was then transferred to other fields. Other questions than the religious one divided the citizens who owed allegiance to any one State. In particular the Industrial Revolution brought a clear division of interests in the economic sphere. When there are divided interests, the State must either take sides or cease to be absolutist. Instinctively it again chose the

way of absolutism. The reactionary government of England was at one with the revolutionary government of France in forbidding trade "combinations." But the trade union and the "syndicate" achieved, in a different way and after a briefer struggle, the right to autonomous existence which the church had already attained. Likewise in every sphere of social life associations arose which were indeed subject to the law of the State, but which claimed to have a life of their own and to be not merely part of the life of the State. Political absolutism seemed dead.

Then came the war—and the claim of the State became at once supreme and omnipresent. It was inevitable under the conditions of a life-and-death warfare. The complex structure of civilized society was built for peace not war. War meant reversion, accomplished with strain and shock, to a more primitive stage. It meant, with certain limitations, the return of political absolutism.

So the urgent question must soon arise, What of the State? Will the outcome of war be the strengthening of the abolutism which it engendered, or will the reaction of peace complete the work of evolution which the war broke down? Will Leviathan be tamed—or not? This is a wholly different issue from that, already almost settled, between democracy and autocracy. Rousseau, with his "dogmas of civil religion," was no less absolutist than Hegel, though the latter expressed the spirit of Prussia and the former the spirit of revolutionary France. Absolutism is a question, not of the form, but of the sphere, of government.

People are scarcely awake to this other question. Even political thinkers have been slow to raise it in its proper form. In modern English thought, for example, we have had on the one side the absolutism of the Austinians and of the neo-hegelians, and on the other side only the protestant individualism of the followers of Spencer and Mill. But to-day the question is not simply one of "man versus the State," of laissez-faire versus government control. It is more immediately a question of the relation of the State to other associations, and until the last few years scarcely any attempt was made to envisage it in this light. Great associations of many kinds have grown up within modern society. They stand for the interests, the free activities of men. In their own place they are the great bulwarks against political absolutism. What is the true relation of the State to these? To churches, trade unions, business corporations, even Universities? If they are not merely parts of the State under whose laws they come—and if they are, the decision of

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U. L. S. EXECUTIVE AND CABINET, 1917-18.

history must be set aside—to what degree of autonomy does the welfare of the whole entitle them? This is the immediate problem of political theory, perhaps also the crux of post-war political restoration, for clearly the answer has direct bearing, not only on the internal character of the State, but on the relation of States to one another.

It is significant that in the last few years a few writers have been approaching the problem from this side. Some, like Mr. Figgis (1), have been concerned with the position of the church in relation to the State; others, like Mr. Orage (2), have contended for the autonomy of the trade organization within the State; others, like Mr. Laski (3), have followed Gierke and Maitland by maintaining the theory that the State is itself a form of corporation, one among many. All this questioning holds a promise for the newer world. For some day the State must put off its armor of war, and will need to be Leviathan no more.

But the problem is still far from solved. How are all the other associations to be ranged alongside the State? If they are co-ordinate with it, what of the order that depends on the supremacy of the State? If they are subordinate to it, what of the liberty that depends on the limitation of the State? The question can be raised in the large, but the answer in every particular case will depend on a thousand complicated interactions. It will, I believe, be one of the most vexed questions of the years to come.

But I believe the beginning of the theoretical solution depends on our making a distinction, not merely between the State and other associations, but between all associations, including the State, and the communal life which is their common soil. On this subject I may be permitted to quote from a work in which I have attempted to discuss this problem as a whole. "Community is not broken up into its associations. Its unity reaches deeper than the co-ordination of its associations. Community is prior to its associations. It is communal will which creates associations. Take the case of the State, that completest organ of the community. Community existed before any State. It was the slow-developing will of men in community to create the State, which gradually brought the State into being. Community was there from the first, but the State has been constructed (4). The State is an association men

(1) *Churches in the Modern State.*
(2) *National Guilds.*
(3) *Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty.*
(4) As Spencer and others have pointed out, there still exist primitive communities, groups of Eskimos, Digger Indians, etc., which show no trace of political organization. Cf. Spencer, *Principles of Sociology*, Part V. chap. 2.

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as social beings have willed to create and now will to maintain. There is thus a will in community more fundamental than even the will of the State. It is the will to maintain the State. If all men adopted the principles of anarchism that will would exist no longer—there would be no State. The State (like every other association) is a manifestation of common will, and the will manifested in the creating and maintaining of States and churches, industrial and commercial associations, circles of sociality, and so on, is the completest and profoundest reality which the world of community contains. . . Every association is thus an organ, greater or smaller, of community." (5).

I may have said enough to show the meaning of this problem of the State. Its importance can scarcely be exaggerated. It will be a challenge to the best of our thinking for many a day.

---

*THAT YOU DIED FOR DREAMS.*

*You're quiet; forgetful of the blind disaster*
*That laid you here. You're quiet. Shall I tell, then,*
*At Whose Word you went out saying "Oh Master!"*
*And with what strange beauty your dying blessed your men?*

*You're quiet; oh so still and pale and quiet,*
*You who were ruddy and the quickest and so strong;*
*I shall tell them, I think, after this riot,*
*That you died for dreams because the world is wrong.*

---

(5) *Community*, pp. 127-8.

# Booth Tarkington

F. Blanche Ketcheson.

"A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine," quoth Solomon in his wisdom, and "care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, while every grin so merry draws one out," runs an old saw. If, then, Booth Tarkington had written nothing except "Seventeen," book-reading humanity would be in his debt; for many a life-prolonging peal of laughter must have followed the love-sick "Silly Bill," aged seventeen, through his heroic attempts to appear manly (even though he has to steal his father's dress suit) in the eyes of her whom, in accents choked with emotion, he pronounces "the noblest woman in the United States."

But Mr. Tarkington has claims other than "Seventeen" upon the affections of the reading public. Curiously enough "Seventeen" was published in 1916, exactly seventeen years after his first great literary success, "The Gentleman from Indiana." And during those seventeen years, his literary achievements have furnished material not only for laughter but for serious reflection, so that no one now would have the temerity to say that Mr. Tarkington, who is himself in more ways than one the Gentleman from Indiana, had not won a high place in the rank of American story-tellers.

The best account of Mr. Tarkington's life is to be found in a little sketch by Asa Don Dickinson, which is usually published along with the first volume of the Penrod stories. The author of "Seventeen," whom Mr. Dickinson thinks should bear Mark Twain's nickname of "Youth" on account of "the ebullient qualities" that characterize him, was born in Indianapolis in 1869. In his earliest years—a fact not without significance—he evinced a fondness for writing melodrama in the form of desperate robber plays that began: "It was dusk and four horsemen were seen riding over the hill." Mr. Tarkington's early education was received at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Purdue University, Indiana, but in his Junior year he was sent East to Princeton. When asked in later life what Princeton had given him, he replied: "Some happy years and recollections—an uninterrupted affection for and interest in classmates and friends. Princeton becomes part of the life of her sons. Also I have no doubt that I imbibed some education there, though it seems to me that I tried to avoid *that* as much as possible." In spite of this somewhat disparaging account of himself, he stood well in his work. But at the same time "he wrote, he drew, he sang, he composed music, he acted," and joined in all forms of student activity.

When he left college, it was with the knowledge that professors and classmates believed him destined for a great career either as an author or as an illustrator. But disappointment awaited him. Like "the great Harkless" in "The Gentleman from Indiana," he had to feel the bitterness of failure before he found himself. His own account of himself is rather interesting: "I always wrote—somehow and anyhow—but I wanted to be an illustrator; that is, I thought I did. In '95 I got a pen drawing in 'Life' and thought my start had come. Then 'Life' rejected 31 subsequent drawings and I kept on writing and quit drawing." His gross return, he tells us, from his first five years of sending to market the fruits of his artistic and literary ability was $22.50. It was a good thing that he was well enough provided for to be under no necessity of earning his bread and butter.

But recognition came at last. "Monsieur Beaucaire" appeared in McClure's and was followed the next year by "The Gentleman from Indiana," which immediately proved a great success. Mr. Tarkington also attained political honors at this time and was elected to the Legislature, where he no doubt gained at first hand much of the material for "In the Arena." But Mr. Tarkington

soon gave up politics and devoted himself to literature. Since then he has published somewhere at the rate of a book or play a year. His method of work is described by Mr. Dickinson in his concluding paragraph:

"The average man is always interested to know how the genius does it. Mr. Tarkington rises at nine and is hard at it in a bathrobe at nine-thirty. He continues with as little food as possible, until evening. And sometimes he works eighteen hours at a stretch—often till after midnight. At any rate there is work every day till the task—novel, short story or play—is done. It is a relief to know that there are vacations between these periods of feverish activity. He corroborates the work of other novelist-dramatists when he says that the *writing* of a play is comparatively easy. But—'putting it on is another matter.' And fiction, he feels, is his work. To know one's work, and how to do it, is surely the greatest of all satisfactions. Mr. Tarkington is to be congratulated."

It is now our business to examine Mr. Tarkington's work in his chosen field of fiction and to determine to what extent he deserves the glowing eulogy just quoted. But first, the way must be cleared by a brief résumé of his most important stories, and by a more detailed description of at least one.

"Monsieur Beaucaire," his first published work, is a charming little story told in the broken English of a French aristocrat who ran away from his cousin Louis XV. rather than marry the noble lady designated by that monarch for him. He fell in love, while under disguise in England, with the Beauty of Bath, and the latter returned his love until she found him disgraced in the eyes of the community owing to the intrigues of his rival. When his real nobility of rank—and character—was revealed to her, she craved his forgiveness, and he replied in a voice as broken as hers: "Forgive?—It is—nothing—less than nothing. There is—only jus' one—in the—whole worl' who would not have treat' me the way that you treat me. It is to her that I am goin' to make reparation." And he went back to marry the girl from whom he had run away.

"The Gentleman from Indiana" describes the efforts of "the Great Harkless," as he had been known at college, to make Plattville a better town in which to live. How he does this, even though he endangers his own life by his uncompromising opposition to the "White Caps," the outlaws of the district—and at the same time wins the girl of his choice who is clever enough to edit his paper for him better than he does himself, and get him a fortune and a seat

in Congress into the bargain, is all told in a bright, racy style that holds our interest and keeps us from realizing until we have reluctantly closed the book what a terrible strain it has been on our credulity. Cooper, in his "Essays on American Story-Tellers," finds this book excellent so long as it confines itself to the struggles of Harkless and to the description of Plattville types, but with the introduction of H. Fisbee (Helen Sherwood in disguise) as editor of Harkless' paper, the story, in his opinion, becomes "sheer romanticism."

"Cherry," written before "The Gentleman from Indiana," but rescued from oblivion by the success of the latter, is a strange monologue of a thick-headed and conceited creature called Snugberry, who, with inconceivable self-complacency, talks about the blindness of his innamorata. She actually seems to prefer a bright young gallant to him.

"The Two Van Revels," also written, at least in part, at an earlier period, is the story of a mistaken identity dragged out through several hundred pages. It creates, as most of his critics point out, "an undeniable impression of inadequacy."

"The Conquest of Canaan" is much better stuff. In it we find accurate character drawing, real humour, and much material for wholesome reflection, but the garish light of many melodramatic coincidences spoil the story for those who like to see the events of a story grow out of the characters, as it were, and not depend so much upon chance. Mr. Tarkington's method of writing a story reminds one of the old drill called "Wind the Clock." He marches his leading character into the very centre of a whirling mass of untoward circumstances; suddenly he gives the order, "Right about turn," and the hero emerges triumphantly with all his troubles behind him, and his shining face looking towards a new and happy sphere of activity.

In "The Conquest of Canaan," Joe Louden, a boy of nineteen, is badgered at home by a step-mother, by her son, and by his own father. He is generally suspected of being the worst boy in town—is, indeed, well on the way to realize the town's worst predictions concerning him. His only friend is Ariel Tabor, the girl next door, who is poor and awkward but genuinely beautiful in spirit. Joe, however, wastes no sentiment on her. He is in love with Mamie Pike, Judge Pike's pretty daughter. He hides himself on the Pike's verandah where he may see the fair Mamie dance past him—a vision in pink silk. He is mistaken for a robber, receives a rather ugly

gash from a poker wielded by Judge Pike's heavy hand, and definitely makes up his mind to leave Canaan.

Seven long years he stays away, studying law and earning his living as best he can. Meanwhile Ariel Tabor and her artist grandfather have been rescued from poverty by the most opportune death of a relative. They find themselves in possession of a million and able to realize old Roger Tabor's dream of studying in Paris. Ariel has a friend in Canaan, Eskew Arp, who is to tell her if Joe ever comes back. Eskew, "whose opinion of the intelligence and morality of the human race had been lowered by many years of explanations that Eskew did not indicate his initials," does more than tell her when Joe returns. With malicious enjoyment he recounts how righteous Canaan walks by on the other side and leaves Joe severely alone. Joe's home-coming has, indeed, been a bitter disappointment to him. He had hoped to shake hands with his old enemy, Judge Pike, and perhaps to court his daughter. But what a revelation! His father greets him with the crushing remark: "Good God! Have *you* come back?" His step-brother sarcastically inquires whether he has saved up enough money on which to starve. Mamie Pike is horrified at the idea of his speaking to her father, let alone shaking hands with him. And as for Judge Pike, this Canaanite Jove, as Mr. Tarkington calls him, might as well have said, "Cease to be!" so far as respectable Canaan concerns itself with Joe. The "National," the best hotel in town, is controlled by the Judge, and refuses a room to Joe. The "Tocsin," the most influential paper in town, and also controlled by Judge Pike, pursues him with stinging editorials whenever he takes a case to court. But there is one place where Joe is free to go. When the good people of Canaan, whose favorite hymn is "Rescue the Perishing," turn him out, he goes to his old haunt at Beaver Beach, and there he finds a royal welcome. "Glory be on high!" old Sheehan shouts. "It's Joe Louden come back! We never knew how we'd missed ye till ye'd gone! Place for ye! Can I find it? There ain't an imp of perdition in town, includin' myself, that wouldn't kill me if I couldn't!"

It is these people that Joe defends in the law courts, and he is rewarded by their undying devotion. But his only intimate friend is his mongrel dog whom he calls "Respectability," for long, and "Spec" for short. Two years of despair engendered by this wretched existence leads Joe Louden to the verge of dissipation.

Now Mr. Tarkington has the coil complete. But—"Right about

turn! Quick march!''—and out comes our hero at the head of the line. Ariel Tabor returns, rich and charming. She befriends Joe. The latter wins a great lawsuit, is nominated for Mayor, and has the satisfaction of proving his arch enemy, Judge Pike, to be an arch fraud, and, of course, he wins the love of Ariel Tabor. In short, he has made the Conquest of Canaan, and we behold him on the last page entering the Promised Land with Ariel Tabor's gloves held tenderly in his hands, and her words ringing in his ears, ''Not the gloves only, Joe!''

''The Conquest of Canaan'' is the most Tarkingtonian, so to speak, of Mr. Tarkington's novels, but ''In the Arena'' contains some very clever work. It is a group of short stories, all more or less concerned with politics. Three appealed specially to me,—''Mrs. Protheroe,'' ''Hector,'' and ''The Aliens.'' ''Mrs. Protheroe'' portrays with really masterful touches the utter degradation of the strong man, Alonzo Rawson, Senator from Stackpole, owing to the evils of that graceful Delilah and veteran lobbyist, Mrs. Protheroe.

In ''Hector'' we have the contrast between the man who is all ambition and no heart and the man who is only his own worst enemy. A brief quotation from the story will give the reader an insight into Hector's character as a boy and also into Mr. Tarkington's gift for handling a conversation so as to reveal individual peculiarities.

''Neither Mary nor I could get out two sentences before Hector would cut in with something like: 'Don't tell cousin Ben about that day I recited in school. I'm tired of all that guff.' . . . 'Ma, I'd rather you wouldn't tell cousin Ben about what happened at the G.A.R. reunion. I don't want to go through all that stuff again.' At that Mary's eyes would light up and she'd say: 'You must Hector, you must.' . . . . Then she would urge him to let me have it—and he always would, especially if I said: 'Oh, don't *make* the boy do it, Mary.' ''

To this inflation of the head, Hector as a man added hardness of heart, but withal he was really clever. To climb higher on the political ladder, he set aside his friendship for his old friend Joe Lane, who had become a drunkard. The girl to whom Hector had been engaged for seven years, in a revulsion of feeling at Hector's lack of heart, married Joe who had always been devoted to her. This makes a melodramic climax for the story, but one cannot help feeling that a little more deliberation and commonsense might have

been expected from a woman who is supposed to have taught High School for seven years.

"The Aliens" is a story that just breaks the reader's heart, and unlike most of Mr. Tarkington's stories, does not mend it miraculously at the last, but just leaves it broken. Pietro Tobigli the gay young chestnut-vendor—he of the radiant smile—falls in love with a German waitress called Bertha, a careful, prudent damsel, but not proof against the radiance of Toby's smile and the warmth of his love as he trills out in his soft Italian voice all that he knows of German: "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine." Bertha, though at first she is sure that she cannot marry "a Dago," finally succumbs and talks to him practically about saving his money and "keeping out of politigs." Five hundred dollars, she thinks, they should have before launching forth on the stormy sea of matrimony. Toby agrees, and how he toils! At last the five hundred dollars are his. Bertha and he choose their new home, a clean, tidy furnished room with a canary bird thrown in. Toby, in the joy of his heart, waltzes his wife-to-be around the room, and as she blushingly but happily admonishes him afterward "yoost behafes awful." He leaves her at her own gate, and sings his way down the street, happy in the thought of his marriage on the morrow and of her last words to him: "I am so—so—I am yoost all—lofing by you . . Toby, uf you ain't here for me to-morrow by eckseckly dwelf o'glock, uf you are von minutes late, I'm goin' yoost fall down deat."

But Toby was not there at "eckseckly twelf o'glock" on the morrow. In spite of Bertha's warnings, he had been taking a great interest in politics. "Vote—a—Republican" was his slogan. But a ward-heeler, a rascal called Pixley, is determined that this time Toby shall vote Democrat, and when he sees that Toby either cannot or will not understand, he conceives the brilliant scheme of keeping him from voting at all, by exposing him to smallpox. Toby, and the seven Italians who live with him and follow his lead in politics, would then be quarantined until after the elections are over. As the policeman, who helps Pixley carry out the plan, says: "By all that's mighty, Pixley, you *are* a schemer."

The really unfortunate incident in connection with the scheme is that Toby dies of the smallpox.

. . . . . .

In contrast to these stories pertaining to American political life are three novels dealing with life in Europe,—"The Beautiful Lady," "The Guest of Quesnay," and "His Own People." The

two former are romances pure and simple and delightful in their way; the latter should have been slipped in with the Baedekers of young Americans travelling on the Continent, so realistic and illuminating is the information given on how card-sharpers and "ladies" of the Comtesse de Vaurigard type can "clip the woolly wool off American lambkins."

"The Flirt," which brings the Europeanized American into purely American environment, was one of the most talked about of Mr. Tarkington's stories, but criticism, on the whole, was not favorable to it. The New York *Times* said: "It is certain that to begin the book is to finish it. We quarrel with it, but we read it. Thus it fulfils the first duty of fiction, only Mr. Tarkington could do so much better an' he would." The *Outlook's* praise was even fainter: "There is a good bad boy in the book, and the liar's sister is wholesome, but the plot is yellow and unconvincing." I think most readers will agree with this criticism, for how could a man like Dick Lindley, who is supposed to have had enough business sagacity to make $50,000 in less than ten years, be persuaded to trust the whole of it to an investment whose flimsiness is patent to the most unsophisticated reader, even though he might in so doing hope to gratify the whim of his flirtatious fiancée?

"The Turmoil" is another book that has received varied criticisms. Those who have read it and liked it may be somewhat crestfallen to find that one critic speaks of it as "a rather pretentious and absurd yarn." But faith in their first judgment may yet receive Balm of Gilead. Mr. Phelps in his very readable book, "The Advance of the English Novel," characterizes "The Turmoil" as "the most ambitious of Mr. Tarkington's stories, and, on the whole, the best. The author has proved that he can write a novel full of cerebration without losing any of its charm." The story of the friendship of Bibbs for Mary Vertrees and all that it meant to him in his struggle against the Bigness of Business, is certainly not lacking in "charm." As to "cerebration," does Mr. Phelps mean this term to apply to the mental exertions of Bibbs' millionaire father or to those of Mr. Tarkington?

In 1913-14, Mr. Tarkington departed from his old browsing ground amongst the romances of "grown-ups," and turned to the "fresh woods and pastures new" of the adolescent mind. The "Penrod" stories and "Seventeen" are shrewd and humorous studies in juvenile psychology. Some have even gone so far as to say that these books should be prescribed as part of the course in ped-

COLLEGIANS' DEBATING CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1917-18.

Top Row.—C. H. Dickinson, 1st Coun.; D. C. Goldhang, 2nd Coun.; F. R. Murgatroyd, 1st Coun.; L. C. White, Coun. C.T.; R. A. Blackburn, Pianist.

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agogy. Certainly all teachers should read them, but if some would-be teachers read them and pictured twenty-five to fifty wriggling Penrods in front of them. I fear that School Boards would advertise in vain. As one critic remarked: "Penrod will prove good medicine for the sick and sorry" (he was not, of course, referring to pedagogical aspirants), "so long as his eccentric orbit is bounded by the covers of a book;" and so long, one might specify, as it is bounded by the covers of one book. There is such a thing as getting too much Penrod.

The portrayal of youthful love in "Seventeen" is genuinely comic, and puts Mr. Tarkington in the first rank of American humorists. Of course, the character of Willie Baxter is a little overdrawn. But so is that of Micawber. Willie Baxter, however, is not exactly a real boy; if he were, the criticism of "Seventeen" in *The Atlantic Monthly* would not be without point: " 'Seventeen' is a diverting record of calf-love, but Willie Baxter will be a calf at twenty-seven, or fifty-seven—and he will never be called anything but Willie." Willie Baxter is really the embodiment of boyhood at the age of seventeen with its fancies and aspirations and impatient attitude toward those younger and older. The book is also, I suspect, a warning to those of that age not to take themselves too seriously. But whatever else it is, the story of Willie's summer-long infatuation for the "baby-talk lady" is a cure for the blues. There is not a dull page in it from the time that we first find Willie eating his bread and butter and apple-sauce,—not like his philosophical small sister lost to the decency of appearances on the front verandah, but in the privacy of his own room,—and gazing dreamily into space as he murmurs: "Oh, eyes of blue!" Our interest and our laughter are unabated right up to the time that Willie attempts a dignified farewell at the Station to the owner of those eyes of blue, the while he is unconscious of the Horror behind him—"that exclusive little procession consisting of two damsels in single-file, the first soiled with the dust of house-moving, the second with apple-sauce," and both strutting in a manner not foreordained by nature.

Successful, however, as Mr. Tarkington has been as a novelist, he is not content. He essays Drama. "M. Beaucaire" has been put into dramatic form and has been favorably received. "Beauty and the Jacobin" has also won praise. "The Man from Home" is interesting, but depends too much upon coincidence. "Mister Antonio" in which Toby, the chestnut-vendor—he of the radiant

smile—reappears as Tony, an organ-grinder, and in which Judge Pike reappears as Mr. Jorny, Mayor of Avalonia, reminds one a little in its theme of some of Mr. Galsworthy's plays. But only in theme. There is nothing in Mr. Tarkington's work to remind one of the masterly handling of dialogue and the inevitableness of plot that characterize the author of "The Silver Box" and "Strife."

In attempting to analyze the grounds of Mr. Tarkington's popularity, one is reminded of Mr. Phelps' remarks on the reading public. "The public," he says, "is not a Hydra; it is a milch cow. Many of our novelists have discovered this truth; the author gets from such a public rich payment and bovine appreciation; as the cow chews its cud in perfect contentment, so the healthy young girls chew their gum as they turn the pages in sweet delight." There is a good deal of "sweet delight" in Mr. Tarkington's work; evil gets its just deserts and virtue is rewarded. Mr. Cooper's characterization of Mr. Tarkington's work as "glorified melodrama" is not without foundation. There is no subtlety about Mr. Tarkington's characters; one understands them and loves them or hates them as the case may be. And after reading one or two of his stories, one can be pretty sure of what is going to happen.

The Tarkington hero—except in Penrod and "Seventeen," which are in a category of their own—is usually about twenty-eight. He passes through a period of great trial and dissappointment just as Mr. Tarkington himself did after leaving college. He emerges gloriously triumphant from all his woes to discover that his first love has been vain and foolish and to realize the beauty of that love which is founded on disinterested friendship. Even in "Seventeen," I think Mr. Tarkington is harping on this theme. "Silly Bill," we are assured at the end of the book, is to get over his adoration for the "baby-talk lady" and marry his sister's little friend. It seems to me that Mr. Tarkington in this book is trying to tell his own son and other boys aged seventeen that what they may consider undying love, may, after all, be only calf-love—that there is to be a richer, deeper experience waiting for them when they are—say about twenty-eight—the age of Harkless, Joe Louden, Dick Lindley and of Silly Bill himself according to the prophecy at the end of the book which points forward ten years and eleven months.

The heroines of Mr. Tarkington's novels are usually gifted with considerable ability, charm, common-sense—and initiative.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET, 1917-18.

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Bottom Row.—E. Jeffs, I. Brown, A. Winter, Mrs. Ford, Hon.Pres.; C. Kilborn, Vice-Pres.; J. Odell, Sec.; A. Brown, Treas.

This is Arthur Maurice's comment on the typical Tarkingtonian love-affair: "The hero in despair over what he takes—with perfectly preposterous density—to be affection unrequited, whereas to every reader it is perfectly patent that the girl is doing her best." Helen Sherwood from the time that she innocently (?) scribbles "The time has come to talk, etc.," on a piece of paper that Harkless is bound to see, courts the latter in what she herself acknowledges to have been a "perfectly brazen" manner. Ariel Tabor, after having told Joe that she did not want him to fall in love with her at first sight and then adding, "And yet perhaps I did," and withal only evoking from him an apology for hinting at his love at all and an assurance that it will not occur again, hands him her gloves and whispers, "Not the empty gloves, Joe." Mary Vertrees,—but I will not in cold blood put down anything that sounds like an accussation of Mary. You must read "The Turmoil" for yourself, and then you will absolve her before the accusation is made.

The villain in the Tarkingtonian novel, as in all melodrama, is painted in no uncertain terms. We can hate him with our whole heart without having any uneasy twinges that, given the same circumstances, the same environment, and the same inherited tendencies, we might have acted in the same way. No! there is a "sweet delight" in Mr. Tarkington's books that you will not find in reading Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, or Joseph Conrad. In their works the hero is little better than the average—sometimes not at all, and the villain little worse than the rest of us—sometimes not at all. But with Mr. Tarkington the hero stands head and shoulders above his fellows, and the villain miles below. I may be wrong, but this phase of Mr. Tarkington's work always makes me suspect that with all his various activities at college, he did not do much *team* work. He either led—or stepped gracefully aside. Not that he ever sulked—he has too sunny a disposition for that—just that he was not a *team* worker.

Mr. Tarkington's literary style is the product of sheer natural ability, not of art. He has a wonderful aptitude for hitting upon a word or turn of expression that will convey his meaning vividly though it may be somewhat extravagantly. A few examples will suffice: "A *pungent* whisper"—"Mrs. Sherwood (*for she was both Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood*)"—"The heavy Sunday dinner was finished in silence (on the part of Judge Pike *deafening*)"—"Norbert was one of the few (he was waddling home alone) who did not identify Miss Tabor and her effect upon him was extraordinary. He

gazed *stodgily,* his widening eyes *like sun-dogs coming out of a fog.*"—"Hector had *an impediment of speech; he could not listen.*"

If Mr. Tarkington thinks he has an expressive term, he will use it whether or not it is to be found in the "Concise Imperial,"—"to listen *applausively*"—"to *carome* to the ground"—"to *skedaddle* along."

It is in the use of dialect that Mr. Tarkington shows real genius. His versatility in its use is amazing—the charming broken English of Monsier Beaucaire, the wonderful Americanisms of the Italian, Ansolini, the delightful jargon of Toby, and the *all-lofing* speeches of the German Bertha, to say nothing of the prattle of the "baby-talk lady," the expressive slang of the ward-heelers and "politicians." and the pertinent Hoosierisms of hosts of his characters.

There is a certain rather reprehensible tendency to inflated writing in Mr. Tarkington, yet it is usually done cleverly enough; for example, Judge Pike's man-of-all work "had begun to refresh the lawn with a garden-hose." Once or twice this tendency to say things in an out of the ordinary style betrays him into such a classical *faux pas* as "sprang like *Aphrodite* from the brain of Zeus."

Of course, one has to ask whether Mr. Tarkington has any purpose in his work beyond furnishing the "sweet delight" referred to above. I think he has. There is in his books a sturdy admiration for the commonplace virtues of his middle-class American, a hatred of sham be it found in high or low places, a sympathetic understanding of the adolescent mind and a real faith in humanity. It is this last quality along with his humor, which, I think, most endears him to his readers. Take, for example, even the story with the unhappy ending, "The Aliens." The identical theme is developed by Mr. Galsworthy in a story called "Compensation." In the latter, the cynical Ferrand tells of an Italian who slaves for 4000 francs in order that he may go back to his girl in Italy, boasts of his earnings to his companions and is robbed. He gets no redress from the police. "If it had been a Rothschild,"—suggests Ferrand, "but seeing he was only a poor devil" . . . The clear incisiveness, the classical simplicity of style and the artistic finish of this story as it is handled by Mr. Galsworthy evoke our admiration, but our hearts are not touched as they are by Mr. Tarkington's Toby and Bertha, and our faith in humanity is chilled. We rise from a reading of "'Compensation" feeling what a grim irony life is after

all, but Mr. Tarkington seems to say: "If it were not for a few rascals like Pixley of whom we may rid ourselves if we only will, what an hilariously happy place this old word might be!"

It is, indeed, only on the question of men like Pixley being given the power they have that Mr. Tarkington ever really allows himself to preach. He says: "It seems an odd thing to me that so many men feel they haven't time for politics; can't put in even a little, trying to see how their cities (let alone the country) are run. When we have a war, look at the millions of volunteers that lay down everything and answer the call of the country. Well, in politics, the country needs *all* the men who have any patriotism—*not* to be seeking office, but to watch and to understand what is going on. When wrong things are going on and all the good men understand them, that is all that is needed. The wrong things stop going on."

Mr. Tarkington calls this little message "In the First Place," but sometimes the last shall be first, and the first last.

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*SYMPATHY THAT DOESN'T HELP.*

*"There, little girl, don't cry,"*
*It is all very sad, I know,*
*Just get a new doll and start to sew.*
*There are many things left to make you glad,*
*Nicer by far than any you've had.*
*Some day you'll know the reason why,*
*"There, little girl, don't cry."*

*"There, little girl, don't cry,"*
*You surely will spoil your eyes,*
*Do try, dear child, to be calm and wise,*
*Such troubles are hard to bear, of course,*
*Yet nothing's so bad but it might be worse,*
*Never you fret, your tears will dry,*
*"There, little girl, don't cry."*

*—Camilla Sanderson.*

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*I see the pale lights flicker*
*Along the shore*
*I hear the curlew calling*
*Across the moor.*
*I feel the wind breathe on me;*
*Lord—make it blow,*
*Let me feel the grip of Winter*
*Of ice and snow!*

*I hear the song of the woods bird,—*
*Lord—let me hear*
*The clangour and hiss of battle*
*And know no fear!·*
*Let Thy white lightning clutch me*
*With claws of light,*
*If I should rest contented*
*A thing most slight.*

*Let me sip from the War-God's chalice*
*Live out my life!*
*Drink in the great, fierce glory*
*Of war and strife,*
*Lead me, onward and forward,*
*Up,—yet higher,—*
*Long is the life by the hearthside*
*Short under fire.*

*Let me live my life to the fullest*
*Pleasure and pain,*
*Let me taste both sweet and bitter,*
*Loss and gain.*
*Share my life with the weary*
*Tired and sad.*
*Live the life that makes death welcome,*
*Makes life—glad.*

GLADYS L. CLARK.

# Boarders I Have Known

S. E. Bush.

Craving the indulgence of those who have never lived in the surgical atmosphere.

ROXLEY was really a very pretty city, one whose beauty grew upon you, whose charm, in fact, you never felt until you left it. Built up around a Clinic famous for its surgeons and its miracles, Roxley struck the transient as nothing but a vast hospital on foot, a Pool of Bethesda, with its four thousand patients—with from one to three ailments apiece. Some had had theirs removed, and were waiting for leave to go home, while the others had come for the purpose, and were waiting for a hospital bed. Four thousand patients, prospective and convalescent—easily distinguished by the reluctance to receive, and the desire to impart, information! With each patient came an anxious relative or two. And between the Clinic and the hospitals, day and night the long, green motor-buses plied, like the tumbrels of the French Revolution—while druggists waxed prosperous, florists flourished, and landladies throve. Transient, thy name is money!

In comparison with other boarding-houses, Mrs. Nordheimer's wasn't bad—that is to say, the rooms were sunny and inviting for a dollar and a half a day, and no cancer. Some landladies make capital the standard of their hospitality—if a man can pay his board, in he goes. Mrs. Nordheimer drew a finer distinction—her paying-guests might be sick unto death, but they had to have their full complement of members. Internal complaints she expected and welcomed—but no bandages. Stomachs were really her specialty; stomachs and the alimentary canal, (as requiring light diet), although she never turned away an appendix, nor a straight case of bones, provided they were in the feet, and didn't appear at table—that is, were kept underneath. As a result of the eliminations, though there were times when one wearied a little of warm custard and minced meat, one had only to look into the fire to be satisfied with the pan—for at least Mrs. Nordheimer's clientele was whole. Which was more than could be said of the clienteles of four-fifths of the Roxley landladies!

It was evening at Mrs. Nordheimer's—five-forty-two by the hall-clock, to be exact. The second floor was in a hubbub, for everybody was in, and between the drawing of baths, and the opening and closing of doors, rose snatches of the day's experiences.

. . . "I saw a woman in the Clinic this afternoon," somebody was saying, "whose nose was swollen to three times its natural size—they've been treating her for hay-fever, and she spent the day planning a suit for damages. She says her husband would prefer the hay-fever."

. . . "Did you see the man next me, in the ear-line?" another voice broke in, only to be drowned in a long, loud swish of water.

But the floor above was wrapped in silence, for Mr. Wills was wrapped in meditation, and the two front couples (stomach and gallstones) had gone out.

"Do you know," said Mr. Wills at last, "I think my throat is getting sore."

And swallowing experimentally, Mr. Wills turned away from the window and walked over to his wife, who, with eyelids reddened, no doubt from her exertions, was packing a club-bag in the farthest corner—a tall, thin woman, with a long, triangular face, brown eyes and a hard little pompadour of straight red hair.

"Yes, sir! It is!" solemnly repeated Mr. Wills, with his finger roving curiously beneath the lobe of his left ear.

"Look here, Lou, feel this!" And inclining his body forward Mr. Wills thrust his short little neck as far out of his collar as he could, for the inelasticity of the one, and the incompromising snugness of the other—

"Put your finger on my neck, there—no, there—under my ear. Does that feel like a lump to you—do you notice any swelling? Anything like an enlarged gland? Say, Lou," and the round chubby figure expressed agonized appeal, as Mr. Wills leaned forward and peered out at his wife from under a sparse little thatch of yellow hair, his horn-rimmed spectacles quivering with suspense—"Say, Lou, you don't suppose they would operate on me if I had a trace of a cold, do you? And give a fellow ether-pneumonia? Pneumonia would go hard with a man of my build. You don't think they would take any chances, Lou?"

"Yes, I do," said his wife, who had resumed the packing. "What do they care! Every complication is a feather in their cap,"—sniffing bitterly as she counted out his handkerchiefs —

"These fine ones are for the second week—you won't care what you use the first five days."

Mr. Wills stood with his hands in his pockets, and regarded the handle of the club-bag for some time. Then, at last, "I guess, old girl," he said slowly, "we'll just have to hope for the best," —and twirling a chair around, Mr. Wills sad down sideways, in an easy, nonchalant attitude, with his elbow on the table, and little wisps of yellow hair locked between his fingers. With the other hand he beat a cheerful tattoo on the underside of the table.

From the floor below floated up the sound of scurrying feet, the hum of voices, and an occasional bubble of merriment. Somebody was going home, cured. The town-clock struck six, with the arrival on the top floor of the two front couples—their friendship cemented an hour before by the discovery that each of the two patients had distress in his back, and a peculiar sensation under the fourth rib when he inhaled.

"Now, breathe," directed Mr. Woodlands, who, with the Rev. C.O. Cassel, M.A., had remained in the corridor while their wives were freshening their hair.

"Again—slowly, now—again. I see what you mean. Now, with me, it's *this* way, . . . ." There they stood, alternately breathing in—holding—exhaling, now with Mr. Woodlands' right hand pressing the Rev. C. O. Cassel's fourth rib, now with Mr. Cassel's right hand over Mr. Woodland's heart—until Mr. Wills, hearing them, could hold out no longer—he appeared in the doorway with his hands in his pockets.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," he introduced himself—"And what's wrong with *you*?" he inquired, in a pleasant, conversational way.

"Gallstones, and stomach, eh?" strolling up to them to prove the brotherhood of man. "That's no joke. Did you ever have a funny feeling down here?" said Mr. Wills, laying his left hand gently over his appendix. "That's where *my* trouble is—going into the hospital to-morrow noon, operation Thursday morning. Take it from one who has it, fellows, appendicitis is no joke. They try to tell you down at the Clinic that it's simple, but it *isn't*. Of course, it isn't as bad as gall-stones," lied the little man, politely, "but it's pretty bad. They said down there that there was no need of a special nurse, but I think I'll have one anyway. It costs like the dickens, though, twelve dollars a day, and once you have her you've got to keep her—you can't shake her off till you're

LADIES' TENNIS TEAM, 1917-18.

M. R. Myers, A. D. Jenner, D. V. Smith, A. B. Flanders, J. O. Smith, M. M. Hewson.

out of the hospital. (And my salary isn't what you'd call *big*. I'm a Banker—cashier). But it stands to reason that with a Special you get more care. And there's no use in taking unnecessary risk—I wouldn't, on my wife's account."

"Whoo-whoo!" called Mrs. Nordheimer, from the foot of the front stairs—a shrill, broken little cry that rarely reached the boarders on the second floor until the fourth or fifth round. It was typical of Mrs. Nordheimer's *ménage* that she did without a bell. "Whoo-whoo!" summoned Mrs. Nordheimer from the lowest step, where she stood, like a stout, middle-aged Archangel in gray cotton, with two large and horny hands uplifted to form a trumpet. "Whoo-whoo!" And a hectic flush overspread her square, lined face, as she strove to sustain a sound. Mrs. Nordheimer's speaking voice was strident, owing to the necessity of self-expression, and the number of her boarders, but her singing-voice was rusty from disuse. "Whoo-whoo!" shrieked Mrs. Nordheimer, and the crescendo was growing impatient.

"Oh! Is that you, Miss Reynolds?" as somewhere a door opened and a face appeared above the banister. "Will you tell the other boarders to come on, that dinner's ready—and, oh! Miss Reynolds," she added, "just give a call to the people on the top-floor. They may not have heard me."

And grumbling loudly about the ways of boarders in general, and the inconsistency of those in particular who clamored for breakfast on the minute, and then kept dinner waiting, Mrs. Nordheimer proceeded to the kitchen, where her assistant, in a moment of aberration, had sat down—a drooping little old lady, so reduced in circumstances as to be washing dishes for a home, when she wasn't otherwise engaged in scraping vegetables.

"Up, Mrs. MacMillan! Have you filled the glasses and skimmed the tea-milk?" And Mrs. Nordheimer bustled into the dining-room, where she re-arranged the napkins, distributed the butter, and gave the cracked tumbler to Mrs. Blaine, who had paid in advance.

"Yes, Mr. Hudson, your dinner is ready,"—looking up as a tall, dark, hollow-eyed young man appeared, and leaned against the doorway, stretching his lips in a smile. Mr. Hudson, one of the late-comers, was undergoing an X-ray examination, necessitating a diet of coffee and berries, which he usually ate in an informal way, seated on the kitchen-step.

"That's right, sit down, Mr. Hudson. Mrs. MacMillan will give

you your dinner,'' said Mrs. Nordheimer, appearing and disappearing—from the dining-room to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the dining-room—her activities in no way impaired by the flow of her ideas.

''I like Canadians (Miss Reynolds is a Canadian). They take what they get and are pleasant. The English are uppish, Southerners are always wanting hot-cakes and fires, and Westerners, ice-cream on Sunday, and an abundance. You're from Texas, aren't you? I knew it by your voice. I had a nice man from Texas last spring—middle-aged—sent home incurable. He had what you have. Doctors gave him six months. You won't last as long as that, though, your age is against you. With that disease the younger you are the worse it is for you. I had a brother who died of it—do your teeth bother you yet? I thought so. Well, you waited too long. I knew the minute I saw you, they couldn't do anything for you. These X-ray examinations are just to satisfy you, to let you down easy—not to send you right-about-face home. I've seen them do it before. You'll have to pay fifty dollars for every X-ray plate they make—to be told at the end of it, mark my words, that they can't do anything for you. Well, I'm sorry for you. I never had a young man I took to more. You'll probably get your discharge from the Clinic on Friday. I've two new ones coming in for dinner to-night—a doctor and his wife—they're rooming over at Daughter's until I can give them yours. I told them you'd be leaving Friday. There they are at last—I hear them in the hall—they must be all down by this time. Help yourself to coffee.'' And Mrs. Nordheimer put the finishing touches on the best dinner the regulars had seen since the last influx of new boarders. Mrs. Nordheimer's snare was simple first impressions—with each newcomer appeared a feast, and for three days afterwards the inmates lived on memories, and the remains.

''Come to dinner, people! Don't be ceremonious—that's what I always said a boarding-house was for, to make the people feel at home. Just be seated, all of you. Mrs. Henderson, you are the oldest, take the foot. Dr. Leake, you're educated, take the head. The rest of you sit where you like, your napkins are mixed anyway. Things in this house,'' added Mrs. Nordheimer, plumping the fowl before the Intellect, ''are run on service, not style—as you will find,'' she called from the kitchen, whither she had gone, to fetch an extra plate—''as you will find,'' she repeated, to hold the floor until her return—''when you've been with me longer, Mrs. Leake.''

FIRST YEAR EXECUTIVE. FALL TERM, 1917-18.

Top Row.—A. S. Roseborough, Historian; W. R. Patterson, Treasurer; Prof. A. L. Langford, Hon. President; F. R. Murgatroyd, Poet; C. H. Dickinson, 2nd Vice-President; W. G. Graydon, President.

Bottom Row.—Miss J. G. Davidson, Poetess; Miss N. E. Lovejoy; Lady Historian; Miss G. L. Rutherford, 1st Vice-Pres.; Miss E. M. Ryan, Secretary; Miss I. K. Balfour, Pianist.

"Have some vegetables, won't you, Doctor? Daughter sent them over this afternoon. Will you have rice, Mrs. Woodlands? Excuse me, Mr. Cassel, if I knocked your elbow—my old feet are tired to-night. Are you leaving us to-morrow, Mr. Wills?" she inquired. "You don't look like an appendix to me. What's his symptoms?" And pausing in her round, Mrs. Nordheimer balanced the potato-dish on the back of one chair, and the bowl of rice on the back of another, while she surveyed Mrs. Wills' glowing face through the lower half of her steel-rimmed spectacles. A feat which involves the tipping back of the head, the narrowing of the eyes and the focusing of the vision along the line of the nose—and a particularly inquiring air it imparts.

"Is it straight appendicitis?" she repeated.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Wills, reluctantly, "but it's *bad.*"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Nordheimer, resuming her duties, "You'll find he has more. They told my husband it was appendicitis—when they came to operate it was ulcers. Dead in two weeks. Pass the biscuits, Mrs. MacMillan. Doctors know considerable—but they don't know everything. Three years ago, when I had my poor health, I went down to the Clinic with my stomach—when I couldn't stand it any longer, I'm not one to complain—and I says, says I—well, I won't tell you now *what* I said but I said I had it. The doctors wouldn't believe me, said it was the lining. But," with satisfaction, "in two weeks they came around to my way of thinking. You can't fool *me* on my organs!"

Here Mrs. Nordheimer disappeared into the kitchen with the bread-plate, where, to judge from the noises which ensued, she was detained by the arrival of a peddling farmer, who was attempting to sell her two baskets of cucumbers.

In the lull, the boarders found their voices. Mrs. Elston leaned over and inquired if Miss Reynolds' ma was relishing her nourishment. Miss Reynolds hoped so, but was afraid not, since it was only the fourth day after her mother's operation. Mrs. Elston's own mother was doing very well, the nurse had told her—she had been able to take a little bacon for her breakfast that morning.

"Which is wonderful, for Ma," she added. "You see," continued Mrs. Elston, "it's thirty years since Mother has been able to eat like other people, owing to her stone—and for three years she has been kept alive on liquids. Even then," she explained to the table at large, "we could never take her out for a drive, or anywhere, without the stomach-pump. Poor Mother's trouble made

her nervous and excitable, and whenever we had a puncture or anything, and she heard the engine-pump, it disturbed her.''

By this time Mr. Wills, who had been gazing at Miss Reynolds with startled intensity—ever since he had heard Mrs. Elston address her as ''Miss''—by this time, Mr. Wills got his idea by the tail, and swung half round in his excitement. ''Why, I thought you were *married*!'' he ejaculated—and overcome by the enormity of his mistake, and the pain it must have involved, Mr. Wills apologized first to the table, and then to the lady, assuring both, over and over again, that, not for the world, would he have said anything, *if he had known*. Where a nimbler man would have extricated himself with grace, by congratulating the lady on her happy state, good little Mr. Wills dug himself in deeper and deeper until he was completely lost under a mound of apology and explanation.

Across the table, a man who had spent the day in the bloodline, waiting for his test—only to be told to return in the morning at eight—was arguing with a curious relish about the ways of taking ether—whether, in the end, it was better to inhale quickly and run the risk of being strangled, or to breathe deeply and slowly and stand the chance of the operator's beginning too soon.

''Now, when they bind you to the table, they put your hands in mittens,'' somebody was saying, when a nasal drawl was heard below the hum—

''And he put this long rubber tube—this gaarden haose—in my mouth and told me to swallow. And it went daown, and daown, and daown. 'Faster, man, faster,' he said. 'Naow, look here, Doc,' I said, 'who's doing this?' ''

''How did you manage it, with that tube in your throat?'' was the eager inquiry of Mr. Wills, who had risen in time to puncture the story.

But the conversation was not without its refinements. Halfway up the table, across from Mrs. Wills, a large, majestic person in mauve silk and gold embroidery, was deploring the sinful extravagance of modern dress, and pining for the simple, lofty ideals of her great-grandmother, Lady Warrington. While Dr. Leake and Mrs. Henderson, from opposite ends of the table, were striving to conduct a general conversation on the plane of climates. Mrs. Henderson was surprised at the drought in Arkansas. Dr. Leake was equally surprised at the clemency of the weather in Canada. And upon the discovery that there were seasons when a man might,

WOMEN'S STUDENTS' COUNCIL, 1917-18.

Top Row.—Miss M. Howitt, Miss E. Galloway, Miss F. Ribey, Miss B. Agar.
Bottom Row.—Miss H. Stewart, Miss K. St. John, Sec.'y Miss V. Sparling, President; Miss H. Cleaver.

were he so inclined. row across the St. Lawrence, his wonder grew apace. "Now, I had the idea that you were frozen up all the t'me!"

"Same here!" said Mr. Wills, nodding his support. "That's the idea I had—cold country, Canada! Say," he said having turned a mild, reflective eye upon Miss Reynolds—"*All* Canadians are heavy-set, aren't they? It's the climate." And, pleased with his perspicacity, he lent an ear to Mr. Woodlands.

But something troubled Mr. Wills; his attention wandered; his brow became furrowed in thought, and then—then light broke. "Look here, Miss Reynolds," he said, fixing her with a round, unwinking eye, while he pointed first to himself and then to her, with a short and stubby forefinger, "Fat man from Iowa, and fat girl from Canada! See?" And smiling happily to think that at the expense of his own figure he had retrieved a social error, Mr. Wills was able to give his undivided attention to the lady in mauve taffeta.

"It is *my firm conviction*," she was saying, "that *the war* will last for some time." (Mauve silk and a Lady grandmother, once removed, are a strong incentive to impressive diction) "*My hope*," continued the majectic person, "is in Edison. That he will *invent* something to kill the Kaiser and his staff. And it is *my belief* that the war will not stop until he does."

"Say!" said Mr. Wills, as if he had been running, "Don't you wish She would come back with that bread? I need something to take up my mind—It's me for the hospital-row to-morrow. The thing I dread the most," he confided to the company, "is coming out of the ether."

"Perhaps you won't have to!" said his wife.

By this time Mrs. Nordheimer had returned with the bread, and an ironical smile—"Thought he could sell me cucumbers!"

But Mr. Wills had lost his desire for bread, he was done, finished. Without stopping to fold his napkin he pushed back his chair and left the room, followed by Mrs. Wills and Mr. Woodlands, and in the end by the whole assembly.

The Rev. C. O. Cassel was the last to leave the room—he had sat speechless during the dinner-hour, his code of ethics unfortunately prohibiting the introduction at table of the only topic in which he was interested—but as he made his way slowly up the stairs, a voice came floating over the banister—

"You see, as I was saying—when the diaphragm hasn't room. . . . . ."

# Breaking Into "Literature"

By Edward J. Moore, '07.

THE other day two young ladies rather hesitatingly entered my office and most charmingly, though a little diffidently, as though somewhat in awe of a distinguished personage—oh that office boys and bill collectors would display even a modicum of such respect —suggested that one (writing for such high-brow periodicals as Acta of course one must make it "one") might acceptably write something for this issue of this great "family" journal. When one made inquiry as to what subject one had better attempt to treat and as to how much space was to be allotted one a most delightful opportunity was presented.

Listen and rejoice with me, ye brethren who earn your husks by pounding your brains and a typewriter, and who are ordered to "get the story of the elopement on Charles street, with photos, in half a column." Listen! I was given the opportunity of writing about anything I darn pleased—better make clear the "darn" is my own,—and of making my stuff any length I wished.

An opportunity? Say! To one who for years had been hearing magazine editors remark in tones with the cutting quality of an oxy-acetylene flame: "We like your article, Mr. . . . but it's a *little* too long; couldn't you cut it down about two-thirds?" or who, to eke out a still-below-the-automobile-stage income has submitted most clever (of course they were) stories which have been accompanied on their almost-inevitable return with polite letters noting that "the subject treated seems scarcely one which appeals strongly enough to warrant publication"—to such a one a chance like this gives odds to that old Nero used to enjoy to spout his dubious verse while his sycophants guzzled.

To one who ordinarily practices two-finger exercises on both bass and treble sections of that most exasperating of all modern utilities, a worn-out typewriter, with the shameful aim of mercenary results, and who in consequence must consider both the theme of his story and whether it is to be sixteen hundred or four thousand words before feeding sheet number one into the digestive system of the machine, such an opportunity is so unexpected and unusual that it leaves him "with a sort of holler feeling in yer top story,"

as the old lady said who unexpectedly mortar-ed her teeth overboard during a round with M'sieu' *mal de mer*.

But to carry on.

The conclusion was jumped to that I was being honored by a visit from the Literary Editors. They were women, you see, and oh so young, so I dared not ask. These days, hang it all, one daren't ask strange young women anything. They either suspect you of basely ulterior motives or turn out to be of the suffrage variety and have you licked to a standstill before you can get through your own wire. And has ACTA come to this? Unworthy thought! Of course these sisters are taking up the work their stronger brethren laid down for even more important and honorable duties on the fields of Flanders. God bless them both—brethren and sisters.

In my days at Old Vic., ten or fifteen years ago—my, don't the years slip greasedly along—the editors boasted that "the material in this issue was supplied entirely by the student body." (No. It wasn't altogether for reasons you may think now. Others did their share, too). In those days writers were numerous. How they did dash off (plagiarizing with refreshing gusto from Stopford Brooke et al) those three English Essays per term. One used to hear them, gathered in intimate groups, discussing the possibilities of making a fortune and a career in literature.

"Literature!" Hearken again, my brethren of the purple-stained fingers, of the searing blue-pencil and the sour paste-pot. Literature! How the divinities must have whooped up their diaphanous sleeves! Gosh, how George Brown and Horace Greeley and Goldwin Smith must have sweat under their six feet of cool covers!

Do they talk like that in Victoria to-day?

Of course they do. And you and I wouldn't have it otherwise. Leave the camouflage as it is, sergeant! Let 'em keep so long as they can the ideals and the optimism and the expectations of stepping out of college into two thousand bucks jobs writing leaders for the Saskatoon *Phoenix* or the Amherstburg *Echo,* or of getting hundred dollar checks for poems in iambic pentameter on "The Lovelight in Her Eyes" from the *Canadian Magazine*. God wot! The disillusionment will come soon enough.

How did the careers work out, you query?

Splendidly, of course, as is immediately proven by the following:

One of the Literary Carcerists is running a peach and grape ranch in the Niagara district. Two more are preaching to people

who need it—more or less—one in the West, the other down East. Two more, at least, are in law, making the fortune, anyway. Another has left a somewhat commonplace, though highly-rewarded, career in a lumber business to write market notes on fish and peanuts and editorials on why tea and sugar go up, for a well-known trade journal.

Literature! What wonderful things have been dreamed and planned but *not* "put over" in thy name!

If one gained proper impression, however, the young women who so kindly interviewed me inspired the idea that whatever I wrote on this auspicious opportunity was to be serious. And if one recalls correctly the suggestion was very gently made that some hints which might be calculated to be of help to aspiring writers, would be in order.

Why did they pick on me?

If the distinction of having had at one time—I've gotten over the habit of keeping them to show to my admiring friends—enough rejection slips from the best magazines (which comes in various sizes and hues and are more or less politely worded) to paper my library, ceiling, floor and all, with enough left over to light the furnace occasionally—if this is an index I can probably qualify. Or, if by having enough bills receivable (for manuscripts accepted but "not paid for until published" and resting calmly at present in the pigeon holes of careless editors' desks) to offer in tender for one of those crawling things which ordinarily answer to the name of "Henry," is another qualification, one must plead guilty. Anyway, when an alumnus writes for the benefit of the members of subsequent years he must speak with all the authority and wisdom his experience in "real life" *should* have given him.

So with due trepidation, etc., etc., I proceed to outline a recipe for success in the story-writing game, the department of literature I know most of —in well, say six hundred words. It should be remembered that one translates success in this case humanly and thus in a mercenary sense, rather than in the terms of the inhuman critics. Possibly, if one numerates and tabulates, as the "Cookery undergrads" do in their notes, it will be productive both of brevity and distinction.

1. First, *get* your typewriter.

Notice I make it "get." Don't buy one. You'll probably regret it later—about three months later, when your postage bill is high and your spirits low. Borrow one if you can. Rent if you

EXECUTIVE OF THE VICTORIA COLLEGE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY, 1917-18.

Top Row.—Miss D. Colbeck, Miss G. Fife, Miss M. E. Austin, Miss L. J. Tickell, Miss M. Thornton, Miss A. Graham, Miss J. O. Smith, Miss A. Brown.

Bottom Row.—Miss M. Smith, Miss E. Sheridan, Miss A. B. Flanders, Miss R. McFarlane, Miss B. J. Corrigan, B.A., Hon. Pres.; Miss E. E. Watson, Miss H. Carthy, Miss E. M. Dyke.

can't. The older and more rickety the apparatus is the better, on the policy, don't you see, that struggle against great odds—and all such rot, a la Dr. Orison Swett Marden—more quickly brings one to the height of one's possibilities. Along with the machine get some printer to guillotine into letter size half a ream of twenty-pound bond paper. Cost you sixty per cent. less than getting the same stuff ready-made in a stationery store. And what a fine determined feeling it gives one to have such a splendid pile of blank paper waiting. A package of carbon for copying purposes will also be worth while. Occasionally a manuscript—worth half a thousand in your eyes but nothing to the editor—gets lost. To have a copy at hand is a comfort and besides, if it's the editor's fault you can make him retype it for you.

2. Make yourself familiar with the machine and its various idiosyncracies.

Learn, for instance, at what moment it is likely to spit the sheet out of the delivery chute when you're about half way through the last line of it, or when the shift-key is likely to get mixed with the back-spacer. A few little important points like this provided for, you are ready to

3. Go to it.

Nobody but an editor or a college professor ever tried to tell anybody *how* to write or what to write about. And neither editors nor college professors can write themselves. So it's entirely up to you, sir. Or, as the Assistant Professor of English would put it: "One is face to face with the opportunity and must trust to the marshalling of his powers for the successful culmination of the effort."

There's only one way to learn to write—as there's only one way for a sophomore to grow a moustache. There are, it is true, much-advertised schools and courses in story-writing, most of which promise results that would make a mining-stock salesman ashamed to look you in the face. I've talked with people who have taken such courses—by mail—and found them so balled-up with methods, technique and "psychology"—where *did* I hear that word before—that they couldn't put together a plot with biff enough to sell even to the editor of the *Sunday World*. Never did meet one of them who could show me a cheque big enough to make my eyes pop.

4. Keep at it.

Your first manuscript will come back. Yes. So will your twenty-first and all the others in between. And when you hear

those envelopes flop down on the oilcloth of the front hall when they leave the postman's fingers, they'll send a chill down your back just about like the one that ran there when the schoolma'm put the cold key down to stop the nosebleed, ten years ago. But here's a secret, hitherto untold—publicly. When I was at this stage I used to prepare a list of all the magazines I thought the story about-to-be-started-on-its-travels would be likely to appeal to, and hand this. with a requisite supply of envelopes and postage, to my "friend." (What a wealth of new meaning that word has now, when some trusting young lady uses it, sort of soft-soapily, till it really sounds as if it were quoted). This method avoids a lot of disappointment and cold shivers—for you.

5. Keep your manuscript travelling.

Don't think because a story is rejected by one or two or a dozen editors that it is not good. Of course, all yours will be good. There are many more reasons than lack of literary merit for the rejection of manuscripts, just as there are other reasons than the presence of the same kind of merit for acceptance. One of the things one learns from the rejections—as well as from the acceptances—is something about the requirements of the various magazines, which has more to do with the sale of the stories and magazines than any one who has not been through such a seasoning process can imagine. I know a man—name on application—who sold a story and got a cheque big enough to pay his 'Varsity fees for a whole course, after it had been submitted twenty times previously.

When the first cheque does come—and if you don't strike oil after you've sent about fifty of your bright tales out twenty-five times each, it will be time to hand back the typewriter. When the first cheque does come—Glory be! It's a bigger and better feeling—yes it is, for I've had 'em both—than the one you have when handing in the last paper in Latin prose about May tenth and contemplate making a bee line for the dear old Humber the same afternoon.

And then the unmatched joy of seeing your "stuff" in print and of casually mentioning to Miss "Twenty-one" when discussing "Literature," (after having carefully steered the conversation around to that subject) during the sitting out of Prom. No. 6 at the Lit. reception, that you "have" a story coming in the November *Funseys*. Then, too, after you have sold half a dozen stories or articles to such journals as are listed in "1001 Places to Sell

FOURTH YEAR EXECUTIVE.

Top Row.—H. C. Binkley, Historian; Miss E. M. Dyke, Poetess; R. S. Lang, Athletic Stick; Miss D. V. Smith, Prophetess; C. R. Greenaway, Prophet; Miss E. L. M. Jeffs, Pianist.
Bottom Row.—N. E. Sheppard, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Miss E. M. Longworthy, Seniour Stick; Dr. Pelham Edgar, Hon.-President; Miss H. B. St. John, 1st Vice-Pres.; D. H. Blatchford, President; Miss A. M. Dundas, Treas.
Absent.—H. M. Smith, Seniour Stick; Miss J. C. Sackett, Lady Historian.

Manuscripts'' you may transfer one of the little checks—a ten-dollar one—to the Secretary of the Authors' League in exchange for a certificate of membership, and with this you are in the same company as Irvin S. Cobb, Louis Joseph Vance, Arthur Stringer, Dr. Henry Van Dyke and a thousand others who produce saleable if sometimes very bad (from the point of view of the Assistant Professor of English) material for the entertainment of a more or less discerning public.

6. Don't think you can dash off stuff at one writing which by its breeziness and verve will get to an editor's heart.

This may have been done by Mark Twain (in his later days) or by O. Henry, but it is not a custom encouraged by the best-selling writers to-day. These editors are callous beggars, you know, and size up a story of an article from about the same angle as Potash and Perlmutter used in discussing the introduction of a new model into the cloak and suit business: ''How many tollars is it going to mean to me in *ma* (a as in Em*ma*) pizness.'' Revise, revise and then revise again. I've found it a mighty good idea to let my stories ''soak'' a week or two after the first writing. One comes back to the revision with more freshness then and sees imperfections in plot and verbiage which were not evident before.

Note.—The young ladies didn't give me time enough to let this soak.

7. Don't begin—(as a good many of our Methodist preachers do. Yes, sir. I could tell their names and surprise you) by starting to write a novel. Learn something about the technique of the trade first. It will be less discouraging. I've given the same advice to the preachers, by the way, but it was too late. Of course many short stories which somehow found their way past the editors in the days of our mothers' girlhood depicited the penniless widow turning to literature and writing the novel which brought her fortune and usually a new husband (with the fortune) with a scratchy pen and poor ink in a badly-lighted attic while surrounded by starving babes. Inspiration enough, surely. But it isn't done—nowadays. The people who write the big-selling novels to-day, with a few—very few—exceptions, are men and women who have served a long and very trying apprenticeship, either in newspaper work or in some other form of writing. No. Tackle the short story or the special article field first. It will be easier to persuade the publisher's reader that your novel—when it ultimately

Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1917-18.

Top Row.—W. A. Cook, J. M. Pfeffer, L. Halfyard, C. A. Jay, L. E. Kilborn, E. H. Walker, A. McGowan.
Bottom Row.—R. G. Johnston, W. H. Bouck, Vice-President; Dr. McLaughlin, Honorary President; E. W. Brearley, President; W. W. Shaver, Secretary; D. H. Blatchford.

comes—is worthy of attention when he knows you have sold a dozen stories to a few first-class magazines.

8. Don't write verse if you want to make money.

Of course if you are like some people ACTA's editors of past years have known who *had* to it's a different matter. Only one Canadian I know of—Bob Service—has made enough out of it to keep a wife on. The others are always wondering what's wrong with the publisher that their royalties are so small. Ooo! the herds of young poets and poetesses which inhabit Canada, even outside the colleges and who, most of them, have never even heard of a sonnet or a quatrain and look up in open-mouthed wonder when one tells them, frankly and kindly, that quite frequently their lines give evidence of such qualities as hamper the strides of a rugby king who has been kicked in the shins.

9. At this stage, or perhaps better—before you begin,—get a copy of Jack London's "Martin Eden," which one presumes to be a résumé of the author's struggles up the slivery sidewalk of commercializing literature, and read it with the same critical spirit you automatically adopt when you wade through the editorials in the first page of ACTA. It may stop you from starting. (What will the Assistant Professor say to this?) But if it does you had better not have begun anyway. No. You won't likely find it in the college library. In my day, somehow or other, I never could get the books I wanted most, and I suppose the same conditions still prevail.

If, after extricating himself from this gumbo of parentheses and discouragement, any Victoria undergrad. (be he male or female, devoted to Honor Philosophy or General Course Freshette) is still convinced that he wants to test his abilities for story-writing and feels that the creator of this screed knows even a little more about ways and means than he does himself, I will be heartily glad to afford any help within my power. One will not promise to try to tell anyone *how* to write nor what to write about. One is neither an editor nor a college professor. One will try to tell any sincere and optimistic young aspirer how *not* to write and what *not* to write about—to make money. That is as far as one's modesty will permit one's claims to pertain.

Let any such aspirants apply to the aforementioned young ladies for my address and, as some of our Methodist fathers were wont to remark on occasions which in this generation are not so frequent: "Now friends, the time is yours."

LADIES' BASKET-BALL TEAM, 1917-18.

M. J. K. Edgington, F. E. Snider, C. E. Kilborn, A. B. Flanders, J. O. Smith, C. A. Kilborn.

# "There Was a Poet Once"

There was a poet once,—a jondaleer,
Who sang a quaint, sweet, melancholy lay—
The while his lute kept measure, loud and clear—
Unto a group of damsels, fair and gay.
And, as he sang, from out the castle gray
Did the grim baron's men-at-arms appear
And shut him from the joyous light of day
Beneath the castle in a dungeon drear
Wherein he lay forlorn, and languished many a year.

There was a poet once,—but now no more,—
When knightly days and chivalry were fled
There was a poet once,—and sorrows sore
Rained down amain on his unhappy head.
'Twas not that Poesie in the world was dead,
For in his soul life's sweetest songs he bore—
His fellows bent from out the hurrying roar
No listening ear to hear the words he said,
Unused, the lute decayed—('Twas sweet before)—
The songs died in his breast, unsung forevermore.

—H. L. Langford, '18.

LADIES' CHORAL CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1917-18.

Miss J. Edgington, Reporter; Miss M. Talbot, President; Miss G. Rutherford, Librarian; Miss H. C. Parlow, B.A., Hon.-President; Miss E. Galloway, Treasurer; Miss J. Odell, Vice-President; Miss B. Flanders, Secy.

A LETTER from Sergt. Reg. Adams, and the announcement of his death, which came so suddenly, appeared in last month's ACTA. Nothing that we could say further would be as fitting as his mother's letter to Miss Wilson, with the details

of his splendid heroism and sacrifice. She will not object, we imagine, if the letter is printed almost in full.

Beamsville, Dec. 30, 1917.

My dear Miss Wilson,—Thank you very much for your kindness in sending ACTA. We are so glad to read another letter from our dear Reg. If there is any future reference to him I would esteem it a great kindness if you could send me one.

We had letters from two of the boys of the 8th Batt. Reg. was wounded in the last attack at Ypres, which was successful. His section had made their objective and had partly dug themselves in for cover, when a shell burst near them and a piece of shrapnel hit Reg. on the right shoulder. After the stretcher bearers had fixed him up as well as they could he walked with a chum who was hit to the first dressing station. They write of him being severely wounded, and part of top of arm shot off. They said for me not to worry as he would not be sent back to France and would soon be home with us.

Before being wounded they said he behaved in a very brave and soldierly manner, and had won the esteem and respect of all who knew him, and showed great courage after being wounded.

A Hamilton officer (in a letter) says they were to move back to their old haunts in France on the 13th of November, which would be Heaven to them after the horrors they had been through. From the 1st to the 10th was a perfect Hell,—feet wet for five days. They were sorry looking specimens, he says, with faces unshaven, and mud on their clothes, and everywhere. The Canadians surely have a great name, when they were brought up from France to take the Ridge. From there to Etaples is over two hundred miles. So our boy must have endured much. One foot was very badly frost-bitten.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE ADAMS.

---

Extracts from a letter to the Editor by Lieut. O. W. Scott, 2nd Can. Pioneers, late Capt. 153rd O.S. Bn., C.E.F. This letter reached its destination literally in shreds, from the censor's scissors.

France, 3rd October, 1917.

My dear J.:—

It occurred to me to-day that I had not written to you for some time and that you might like to hear some news of the 153rd since its disintegration at Bramshott.—Deletion.—We received our landing leave shortly after this, which I spent in London and near Appleby, Westmoreland, in the North.

Most of our officers were sent either to the Canadian Training School at Bexhill-on-the-Sea or the Trench Warfare School at the same place. I attended the latter for a month. Some of our fellows applied for "bomb-proof" jobs on the L. of C. and are now over here mostly as town majors. N— is with a Forestry Bn. over here. P— and I both declined to apply for L. of C. jobs. Accord-

ingly we reverted to subalterns, and oddly enough were both sent as reinforcing officers to the 2nd Can. Pioneers. (Half page deleted).

I have been here now for over a month and like it very much, although things have been pretty slow. The other officers advise me to wait for the "next show" however. Several of our officers were casualties in the last. Of course I have experienced the sensation of being under sheet fire and of hearing Heivie M.G. bullets "ping" past my ear when out over the parapet at night. Once my party was nearly caught by the Heivie's 5.9's, but by good luck we got through without loss. As the Tommies say: "You needn't be afraid till the bullet with your number comes, then the O.C. stiffs get you."

Our billets are on a battlefield which has been bitterly contested in the past by Canadian, Hun and Poilu. Craters, old trenches, shell holes and old dugouts abound everywhere. There are two pests, rats and lice, the former being most annoying when they run over your face at night. As to the latter, nearly all of us are "crumby." When once you've had lice, you are said to be a real soldier. I qualify, but very narrowly. The other day I felt him, sought him, caught him and executed him without trial.

My friend, Lt. B—, shares with me a nice little dugout 8x6x6. It is constructed of sandbags, I beams, beehive irons, angle irons, two posts and a few boards. Our one door closes with a ground sheet and the window with a piece of sandbagging. Half the interior is occupied with two bunks à la **pullman,—the** oth- with a table, stool and primitive stove. The stove smokes terribly with wood, but luckily our batmen are good rustlers and get us frequent supplies of coke. That is one blessing here, each officer has a batman who is struck off all other duties. After an all night tour of duty, my man brings me my breakfast in bed. Altogether I find it less irksome here than in either Canada or England. There is no fussiness,—when you are detailed to a duty you are expected to do it correctly and punctually. Officers are expected to be cool and to show sand at all times.

Since arrival in England I have visited many historic spots: St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Buckingham Palace, Bank of England, Hyde Park, Zoological Gardens, Pevensey Bay and Castle in Sussex, and much of the "feel country" in Westmoreland. I have been to some good theatres, too: Adelphi, Hippodrome, Globe, Oxford and Holborn.

Kindest regards to all.

EXECUTIVE OF V. C. A. C., 1917-18.

Top Row.—L. Follick, 1st year rep.; M. Myers, Tennis Capt.; B. Flanders, Swimming Capt.; C. E. Kilborn, Basketball Capt.; R. Hilliard, 2nd year rep.; J. Smith, Hockey Capt.

Bottom Row.—G. Watt, 4th year rep.; N. Evans, Sec.-Treas.; A. Hamill, B.A., Hon. Pres.; L. Pearson, President; A Snider, 3rd year rep.

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## EDITORIAL

**1918**

Reasonable and seasonable greetings! May we "live i' the sun" a long while yet, and read many more seasoned salutations:

"Thick is the darkness—
Sunward, O, sunward!
Rough is the highway—
Onward, still onward!

Dawn harbours surely
East of the shadows,
Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows.

Upward and forward!
Time will restore us:
Light is above us,
Rest is before us."

**Examinations**

Are you interested in examinations? Examinations are the foundation of the whole University system as it is modelled at present; and, almost without exception, professors and students condemn them, and are dissatisfied with the system.—

Why?

Are examinations thoroughly antiquated?

If they are needed, are there not many drastic improvements that could be made?

If they are not needed, why do they persist?

Do you know of any better substitutes?

If you are interested in these, or any other questions connected with examinations, will you send us your comments, limited as nearly as possible to 250 words, before the end of January, 1918? Next month's issue will be devoted principally to this question. A collective opinion will serve a good purpose.

# Personals and Exchanges

Norma Spenser, '16, delighted her friends as Annesley Hall, just before the holidays, by a fleeting and unexpected visit. She was on a trip with her father from her home in Vancouver.

Bea Corrigan, '17, is taking lectures in several subjects at the University this year. She is also our Women's Editor for "Varsity." We agree with those who appointed her that Bea Corrigan is just the right person for the position, and we certainly wish her all success.

Ada Maus, '17, is dietitian for the Royal Flying Corps at Wycliffe College.

Julie Sackett's ('18) many friends at Victoria are very sorry that she had such a hard time last term, and sincerely hope that she will be strong enough to be back with us this year.

Emily Ferguson, '19, is working in the Royal Bank, corner Queen and Broadway.

George Hanna, '19, whose plans for coming back to college this year were upset by illness and several operations, is now with friends in West Toronto.

Violet Karn, '19, is at her home on the farm near Woodstock. We hear that her chief delight is breaking in horses.

DORA. V. SMITH.

STANLEY—ALEXANDER.

The marriage of Isabel, eldest daughter of Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Alexander, to Mr. Carlton Wellesley Stanley, M.A., Oxon., son of Mrs. K. Stanley, was solemnized at the bride's home, High Park Avenue, by the Rev. D. T. L. McKerroll. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley left later for Florida to spend their honeymoon. On their return they will live in Montreal.

HEYWOOD—HASTIE.

The marriage of Wilhelmine Frances Annand, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hastie, of Sheguiandah, Manitoulin Island, to Mr. A. J. Heywood, B.A., '17, of Exeter,

3rd YEAR EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1917-18.

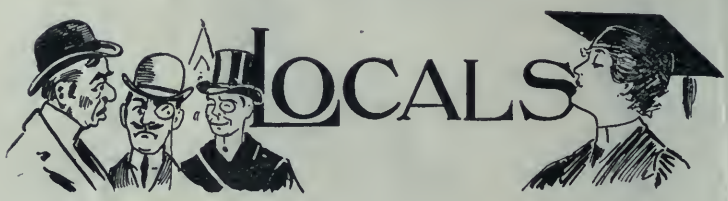
Top Row.—Miss F. A. Smith, Lady Historian; Miss K. I. St. John, Poetess; D. M. Stinson, Secretary; S. A. Moote, Poet; Miss A. H. Snider, Pianist.

Bottom Row.—H. O. Bull, President; Miss E. Gibbard, Treasurer; Prof. N. W. DeWitt, Hon. President; Miss B. H. Stewart, 1st Vice-President; W. G. Scott, 2nd Vice-President.

Ont., was solemnized by the Rev. C. Bland, D.D., pastor of Wesley Methodist Church, in Calgary on Monday, December 24, 1917.

COISH—COOK.

Rev. E. Coish, '15, was married at Humber Bay on June 20th, 1917. to Miss Mabel Mary Cook, daughter of Mr. Andrew Cook, Stipendiary Magistrate, of Fogo, Newfoundland. Mr. Alexander Lacey, '17, acted as best man, the bridesmaid being Miss Thyrza Weir. Prof. Michael officiated.




"Best wishes for a Happy New Year,
As your way through life you squirm.
May you always be the early bird
And not the early worm."

---

B-ll B-ck.—Why, I can't go skating. I've got rheumatism in my feet.

A. MacG.—I wish to goodness you would get rheumatism in your tongue.

---

Br-ly.—What's good to put on a sore finger?

Pf-er.—Rubber.

Br-ly.—Rubber. How do you make that out?

Pf-er.—Because rubber heels.

---

DISCUSSION GROUPS AGAIN.

Pf-er (again).—Now, if we had a professor at each one of our meetings we would certainly have a profitable time.

---

We had another "War Time" Christmas this year and so we agreed that it was quite right for us to get cards instead of presents. Yet perhaps this little rhyme expresses some of our feelings:

"Some folks gits money and lets it fly.
Some gits rubies, poils and sich.
But you gits cards and so does I.
Coise the rich!

---

Dr. DeWitt (spying H. chewing gum).—Quid est hoc?

H-rw-d.—Hoc est quid.

Dr. DeWitt.—Sileas.

---

We are informed, on good authority, that Mr. Bouck has been taking R. K. this year and found it very profitable. There are *profits* and *prophets*.

---

Sophette.—Why, hello! Did they stuff you with turkey this Christmas?

Junior.—No, aeroplane chickens.

Sophette.— Aeroplane chickens! Aw! Gwan!

Junior.—Yes, all wings and tail.

Are you interested in examinations? See page 233.

MEN'S STUDENTS' COUNCIL, 1917-18.

A. McGowan, H. J. Bentley, B.A.; E. W. Brearley, President; R. G. Johnston, L. C. White, Treasurer; W. J. H. Smyth, Sec'y.

Miss Huth, '20, Household Science —"Do you know, girls, I have done so much sewing that I'm ashamed to look a needle in the eye."

---

Miss G-bb-rd, '19, (studying Eng. Lit.)—"Was Chaucer married?"

Miss H-rr-s-n, '19—"I don't know, but I guess so, for it says here he courted allegory."

---

A discussion was on in the Lit. Cabinet as to which President should occupy the chair at the Union meeting of the two Literary Societies, when it was moved by Mr. Bouck that both Presidents occupy the chair.

At the same time ?

---

At a social class meeting of the year '19 Mr. Jennings, formerly of '18, was asked to speak. Fixing his eye upon Mr. Binkley, '18, who had been asked to sing, he said: "I am so glad to see my old friend Binkley. He is like a rock in a *weary land*."

Poor 1T9.

---

Miss F-f-, '19 (discussing an English essay)—"I think I shall compare Jane Austen's *Emma* with *Jane* Eyre."

Mr. Binkley, 4th year Eng. and Hist.—"Well, I wouldn't say whether that would be a good comparison or not, for I don't think I know anything Jane Eyre has written."

---

Glee Club Instructor.—"Now, everyone ready—if a body kiss a body in the middle of page three."

---

Moore.—"The honorable member from Smyth, in deploring the decadence of our college *spirit*, has censured my Minister of War for not organizing the 'rooting' at the last Vic. game, but he has forgotten the fact of his own absence."

Smyth.—"Mr. Speaker, I was there in spirit."

Moore.—"Let me ask the gentleman, did he root in spirit?"

---

Lang, '18, (to Neal).—"Dell, the Hebrew prize is between you and Leo." (Mutart being the only other member of the class).

Neal (after careful deliberation). —"Is there a second prize?"

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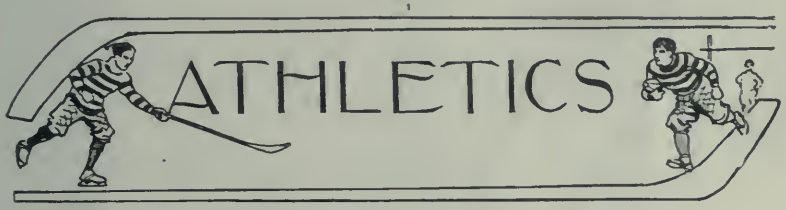
Are you interested in examinations? See page 233.

H. B-ll, returning to college very late, learns he is subject to a fine of $42. He is impelled to curse J. Brebner, Esq., and die; for 'tis he who bids him "provide great gifts all out of an empty coffer." Later, as he scans the index-page of Acta, his eye lights on the word, "Reward." With all the haste of desperation, he thumbs the pages to see, and exclaims, "Oh! it's only a poem."

NOTICE FOR THE MEDICAL JOURNAL.

A very painful operation was successfully performed in the Chapel Thursday, November 15. The eyes of seven blind freshmen, who had groped their darkling way to the front row, were opened. Also scales were removed from the eyes of three "innocent" sophs.. who shall be nameless, no sufficiently "worthy" term being available.




## BASKETBALL.

Three cheers for *our* side! Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! Of course it isn't quite the thing to gloat over our own successes, but, this being a family magazine, surely we may be allowed, just among ourselves, to express some delight over our second championship this year.

The series was very hotly contested, and some of the games were extremely exciting, especially the final one played up at St. Hilda's Gymn,, on Saturday night, December 8th. In spite of the wild wintry weather, a large crowd of rooters filled every inch of space on the ledge, ladders and beams—Victoriaites are certainly enthusiastic basketball fans. The game was bound to be a fight, but was kept splendidly in hand by the referee, Mr. Buscombe, from the Central Y. M. C. A. During the first half, Vic. carried everything before her with a rush, but, in the second, barely held her own, and was tied a minute before time was up. In that one last minute she made a basket, and settled the score, 24-26. This not only won her the championship but kept up the record of not having lost a single game in the series.

We don't want to be greedy, but this won't prevent us from making a good try for the hockey. We stand a splendid chance of winning if the girls only turn out regularly to practice.

## Stung

Ridout sold me once some writing paper;
Wish I'd noticed then, not later,
That in fact 'twas really blotting-paper.

. . . . . .

There the Raven still is sitting just above my chamber door,
Ebon bird of bleak December, cocks his eye, and croaks,—
"Once More."

---

## An Old Reliable

Give me a sober, old, plethoric bard,
Who needs no mellow complicated mood
To woo his Muse; but, spurrèd, at a pinch,
Plucks his prosaic harp, and, inch by inch,
Sings out his measur'd bleats that ne'er allude.
To pining hearts, but bothers that retard
Life's current in our veins. He sings this bright
Discerning lay in broad day-light:

"'How shall we flee sorrow—flee sorrow?' said he.
'How, how! How shall we flee sorrow—flee sorrow?' said he.
'Skip!—skip!—skip!' answered she.

"'How shall we see pleasure—see pleasure?' said he.
'How, how! How shall we see pleasure—see pleasure?' said he.
'Shea's!—Shea's!—Shea's!' whispered she."

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"Mum—ee," ejaculated the infant.

"Yes; Mummy's taking Baby to town." was the fond reply.

"Dad—ee," babbled Baby, accompanied by many spirited gestures of the arms and legs.

"Daddy wants Baby to be a good girl," said Mamma by way of improving the occasion.

Ee—ta," gurgled the Baby after another interval of incoherence.

"Yes, Eaton's—Mummy's taking Baby to see all the dollies and pretty things at Eaton's."

"Ee—ta," echoed Baby.

Mummy—Daddy—Eaton's—a store among the first expresions of a baby's consciousness!

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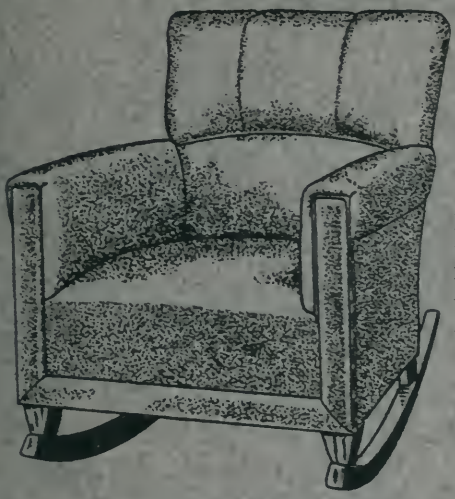

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